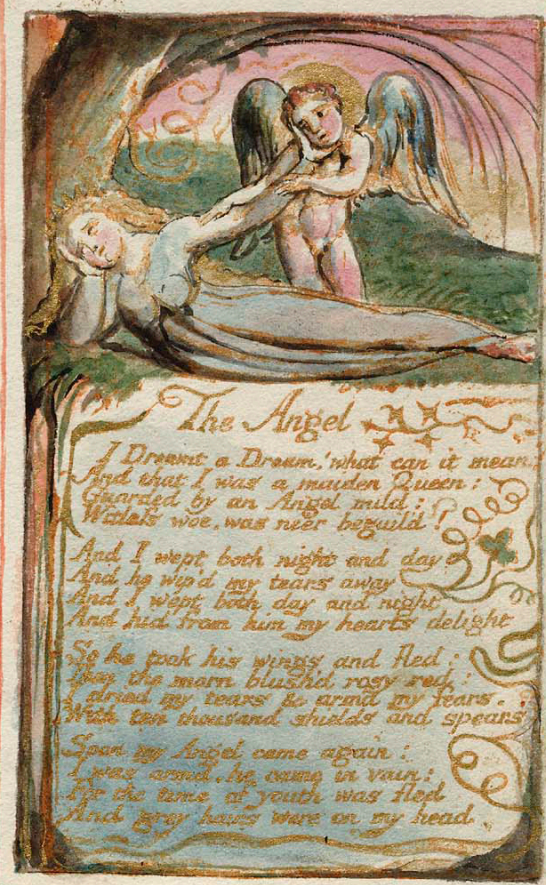




The Angel

I Dreamt a Dream, what can it mean,
 And that I was a maiden Queen;
 Guarded by an Angel mild;
 While'st we, was near beguild.
 And I wept both night and day,
 And he wip'd my tears away,
 And I wept both day and night,
 And hid from him my heart's delight.
 So he took his wings and fled;
 Then the morn blushed rosy red,
 I dried my tears & arm'd my fears,
 With ten thousand shields and spears.
 Soon my Angel came again;
 I was arm'd, he came in vain;
 For the time of youth was fled,
 And grey hairs were in my head.